subterranean SIDE SHOW

October 5, 1970 Vol. 2, No. 2 CCC

FOR SALE: 2,000,000 EARTH DAY BUTTONS & SOME GAS MASKS...

by John Winke

Do you remember those farout green buttons with the almost religious Ron Cobb ecology symbol? One of the things those buttons and all the hoopla on the 15th of April accomplished was turning the proverbial public opinion shotgun at both industry and the Nixon Administration. However, in the succeeding months there has been ample time for the various polluters and the advertising business to build their own anti-(?)-pollution programs and sell them to an eager-to-believe public.

Phase One of these manuevers involved the ageold corporate question, 'How can we make a profit from it?' Not a very difficult question in this case considering the number of devices available and the overall legislative power of our corporate structure. GM has announced that their brand of anti-pollution [illegible] on about [illegible] of new [illegible] head [illegible] endly ser- [illegible] price [illegible] ure' or [illegible] ' A read- [illegible] rint will [illegible] ve equip- [illegible] ent main- [illegible] on't be- [illegible] less your [illegible] g at "peak [illegible] the legislative level, other industries (steel, chemical, military) are pushing the idea of a federal subsidy in the form of a tax-cut to those corporations with the most serious problems. The strategy is clear: collect federal subsidies while making profitable antipollution devices, effective or not. The Administration's view point: the National Commission appointed by Nixon contains such enviormental militants as the President of Atlantic Richfield.

Phase Two actuallybegan when the advertising business came to the realization that having a social conscience was the hippest, in-est, most Coca-Cola thing going. So after extensive campaigning it looks like the

OR, HOW THE ECOLOGY MVMT WAS BOUGHT BY GM & STAND OIL.

oil companies have gained their favorable images while to some extent castrating the more militant anti-pollution people. The ultimate is reached when Mobil claims they've been fighting pollution for years by cleaning your engine with their "detergent gasoline," and Andy "The Snake Oil Vendor" Granatelli adds a small "fight pollution" tag to his additives. Right on, Andy.

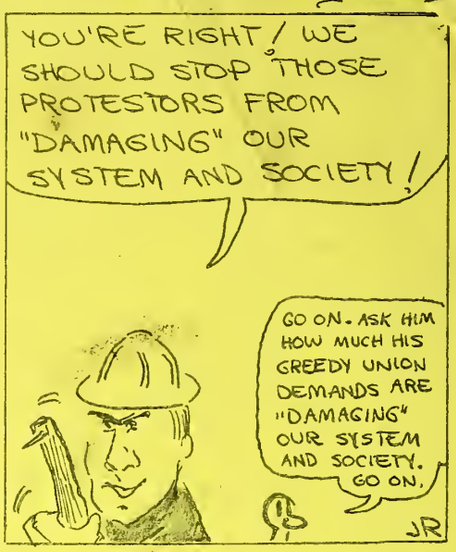
One of the more interesting dividends gained from this smokescreen is that with all this bulldonkey flying, companies such as Shell Oil can proclaim itself the revolutionary vanguard of anti-polluters while hoaxing the public. Specifically, the 'No-Pest Strip,' as so graphically illustrated on TV, has remarkable propensity at killing flies. The reason for this miraculous record (better than any M-16) is that the active agent in the strip is called demethiol-dichlorvinyle-phosphat, DDVP, or, for all you non-chemical types, nerve gas.

The USDA refuses to allow the strip used in any meat packing plants. Some of the strips now (after three years) carry warnings about use around the sick and the elderly. A different strip containing the same chemical formula was taken off the market four days after its release by the Pesticides Regulation Division of the Department of Agriculture. Its registration took place over numerous protests by the Public Health Service. Perhaps this can be explained by the fact that three Shell employees were also on the PRD payroll at the time of the "No-pest strip's" registration. The Dept. of Justice considered bringing "conflict of inter-

(continued page 4)

c & k

Burn the old and faded barns;
Tread the paths along the river.
When you meet, watch the natural processes.
Hundreds of years old, lasting much too long.
Weathered and battered, a bastard of fate.
Mens' axes and barbs trying to fell him.
An incurable desire and craving for life;
Who can say why? In a fog, its harder for the
Woodsmen, but harder for this cursed existance.
I was young when I came, I'm so very much older now.
The roles we play, the actors and the watchers.
We both age along the same river.
Then I watched you grow old, and I cried. Only
Recently did somebody show me your eternal youth.
Keep the fight with him; don't accept. Pray the
Battle doesn't finish either of you.
Or, perhaps we'd all be better off if we left this
Damned river.
How many eggs can we fetch, until we are drained?
How worthwhile is the preservation of substance?
Well, we've talked so long, and we've watched so long,
You're going to be born and I'm going to die.



And the axemen will find
him somehow.
And I don't know what the
hell he'll do. God, it
would give me hope if
I knew.
I know where a few more
eggs are, if you like
the kind I collect.
Come with me.
I can't watch now.
I can't talk now.
Either.

jg

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

YOUR OFFICIAL SSS VIETNAM PUBLIC OPINION POLL

Q: What do you think our course in Viet Nam should be?

a)_____ Turn the entire country into a K-Mart parking lot. (If this is your choice, be relieved; this is presently being carried out by the 12th & 309th Air Commando Squadrons, USAF, under Operation Ranch Hand.

b)_____ Withdraw by December, 1972.

c)_____ Withdraw by next Tuesday noon.

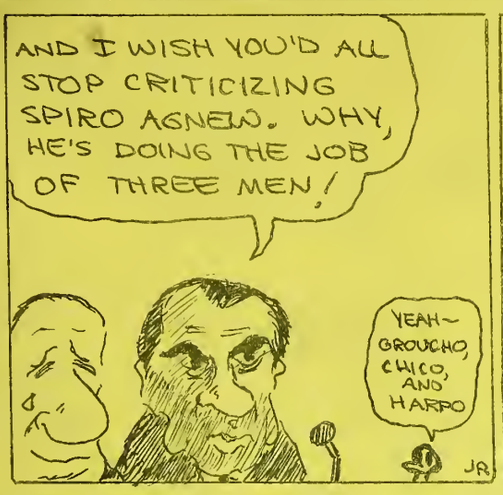
d)_____ Immediate withdrawal plus massive reperations ecological, social, and economic damage.

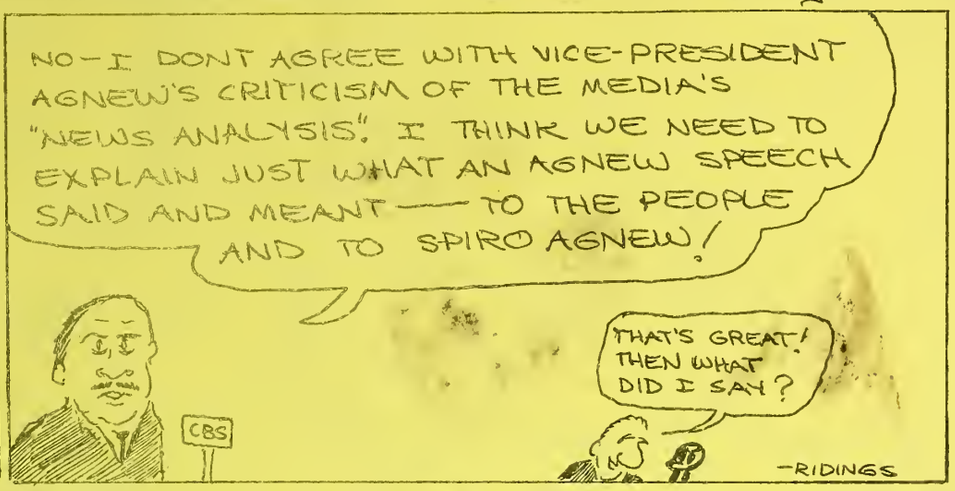
e)_____ Send Hershey, Nixon, Thieu, Ky, and Pope Paul will trip to Hanoi.

f)_____ Bomb the Pentagon back into the Twelfth Cent

NOW: Mail to Local Board 211, 4 East Clinton, Jol
Participants subject to reclassification.

Results will be sent to the great johns of t
(John Mitchell, U.S.Sen. John Tower, John On





RELIABLE ★★ SECURITY GUARDS

SSS ADV.

A & R SECURITY

wants reliable young men who are looking for full or part time work. These men must be over twenty-one, and want a steady job, possibly for future school plans or extra school expenses. Shifts can be worked out to accomodate your classes.

WHO TO CONTACT

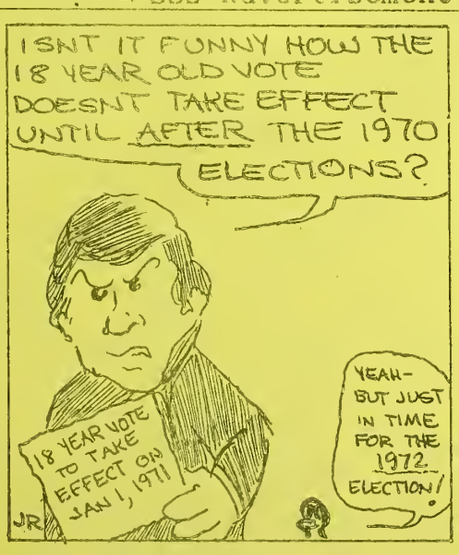
Applicants can talk to Sgt.in Charge at the New Mobile Site, Gate One, or call for details at 423-5800, between 8-4:30.

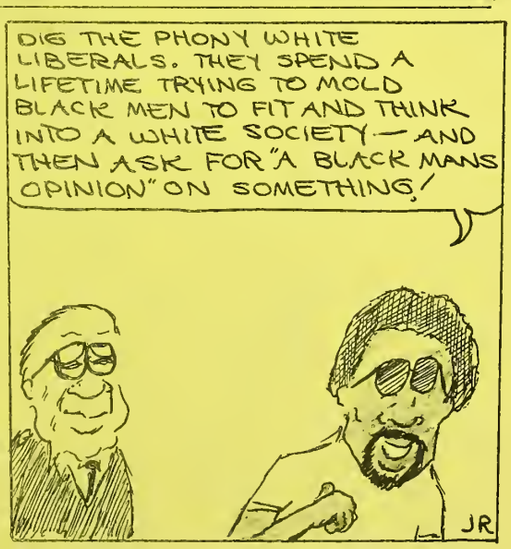
HOW TO GET THERE

Those interested can go south on Int. 55 over Smith's Bridge and under the overpass to the Ammunition Depot Road east. Take the frontage road to the third road right, which will take you to Gate One.

SSS ADV.

SSS Advertisement





CATALOG OF CHOICE

by John Goodwin

In this age of aquarius, many things are changing, they say. The magazines have picked it up and now its fashionable. So all the changing generation wear changing clothes and listen to the changing records and talk the changing rhetoric. The over 30's say the talk is empty, tactfully not seeing how many of their peers are picking up the same Pepsi styles. The fact is, the times are changing, but in a different sense than the superficial sources of media would care to, or are aware of to the extent that they could, admit.

Although it seems like a vicious circle, with as many problems as have been created with the various industrial, technical, and material revolutions, another fact remains, and that is that these problems exist. And a third fact born of these, opportunities to do something interesting, if not effecting, have been expanded.

Beneath the magazine's 'youth' image, avoiding the current 'hippy' stereotype, and ignoring the Pepsi, young-at-heart-even-tho-I'm 45 monster, the raw personality lies, probably dormant. The choice this entity faces is whether to cling to a safe stereotype or confront a new set of choices, not as yet tested by the masses. 'Wait a minute, is everybody doing it?'

The thing that irritates us about the current educational system, society in general, if you may, is the channeling effect. Certain subjects are required, limited electives are offered and attempts at introducing any foriegn matter is repulsed, if not repressed, in the typical, our-way-is best-hell-with-suggestions or-personal-dignity-involved ignorance. It has come to our attention recently, that, indeed, there are fantastic and effecting choices available outside our immediate backyards, our forever-ruling backgrounds, and our up-to-now channeled futures.

It is possible to go to a school farther away than Urbana, or even Florida, and there are grants and organizations that will send you. It is possible to help U.S.Senators and other representatives do the things you've been talking about all year in clubs. It is possible to learn a new trade or even go to the college of your choice in the Air Force. And it is possible to serve in the Peace Corpes and similar organizations in lieu of your military obligation.

All this and more coming in a special Side Show, 'A Catalog of Choice.' (Anyone with more choices who wishes to help to this valuable edition see Peter Neff, ENG)

REGISTER TO VOTE

ecology mvm!

(continued from page 1)

est" charges, but mysteriously dropped them.

Let's face it. Under a cardboard mockup of good faith and public spirit companies such as Shell, Ford, and Lockheed (remember the SST?) can cheat, hoax, and poison the American people yielding unbelievable profit. And unless industry becomes responsible to a Naderesque system of controls, no amount of hospital-mask-protesting can bring about ecological conservation and consumer protection. This is one of the few areas in which we cant be coopted.

CRUCIFIXION

by Phil Ochs

AND THE NITE COMES AGAIN TO THE CIRCLE STUDDED SKY; THE STARS SETTLE SLOWLY, IN LONELINESS THEY LIE. TILL THE UNIVERSE EXPLODES AND THE FALLING STARS RAISE... THE PLANETS ARE PARALYZED, THE MOUNTAINS ARE AMAZED. ALL GROWS BRIGHTER IN THE BRILLIANCE OF THE BLAZE WITH THE SPEED OF INSANITY, AND HE DIES.

IN THE GREEN FIELDS OF TURNING A BABY IS BORN. HIS CRIES CREASE THE WIND AND MINGLE WITH THE MORN. AN ASSAULT UPON THE ORDER, A CHANGING OF THE GUARD; CHOSEN FOR A CHALLENGE, THATS HOPELESSLY HARD. AND THE ONLY SINGLE SIGN IS THE SIGHING OF THE STARS, THE SILENCE OF DISTANCE, THERE SWORN. IMAGES OF INNOCENCE CHARGE HIM TO GO ON, BUT THE DECADENCE OF HISTORY IS LOOKING FOR A PAWN. IN THE NIGHTMARE OF KNOWLEDGE HE OPENS THE GATE, A BLIND REVELATION IS SERVED UPON HIS PLATE... BENEATH THE GREATEST LOVE IS THE HURRICANE OF HATE. GOD HELPS THE CRITIC OF THE DAWN. SO HE STANDS UPON THE SEA AND SHOUTS TO THE SHORE. BUT THE LOUDER HE SCREAMS, THE LONGER HE'S IGNORED. THE WINE OF OBLIVION IS DRUNK TO THE DREGS; THE MERCHANT OF THE MASSES ALMOST HAVE TO BE BEGGED. TILL THE GIANT KNOWS SOMEONE'S PULLING AT HIS LEG. SOMEONE'S TAPPING AT THE DOOR. THEN HIS MESSAGE GATHERS MEANING AND SPREADS ACROSS THE LAND, WHEN REWARDING OF THE PAIN IS THE PLOWING OF THE LAND. IGNORANCE IS EVERYWHERE AND PEOPLE HAVE THEIR WAYS. AND SUCCESS IS AN ENEMY TO THE LOSERS OF THE DAY... IN THE SHADOWS OF THE CHURCHES WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY PRAY? AND BLOOD IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE LAND. THE SPANISH BULLS ARE SPEAKING, THE CROWDS ARE SOON BEGUILED; THE MATADOR IS BEAUTIFUL, A SYMPHONY OF STYLE, EXCITEMENT IS ECSTATIC, AS ANY PLACE IS BEST. GRATEFULLY HE BOWS TO THE OVATION HE GETS. BUT THE HANDS THAT ARE APPLAUDING ARE SLIPPERY WITH SWEAT, SALIVA IS FALLING FROM THEIR SMILES. AND THE OVERFLOW OF LIFE IS CRUSHED INTO A LIE... A GENTLE SOUL IS RIPPED APART AND TOSSED INTO THE FIRE. IT'S THE BURIAL OF BEAUTY, VICTORY OF THE NIGHT. TRUTH BECOMES A TRAGEDY LIVING FROM THE LIGHT. THE HEAVENS ARE HORRIFIED AND STAGGER FROM THE SIGHT. AND THE CROSS IS TREMBLING IN DESIRE.

THEY SAY THEY CANT BELIEVE IT, ITS A SACRILEGEOUS SHAME. NOW WHO WOULD WANT TO HURT SUCH A HERO OF THE GAME. YOU KNOW I PREDICTED IT... I KNEW HE HAD TO FALL. HOW DID IT HAPPEN, I HOPE HIS SUFFERING WAS SMALL.

AND TELL ME EVERY DETAIL, I'VE GOT TO KNOW IT ALL... DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF THE PAIN? TIME TAKES HER TOLL, THE MEMORY FADES. AND HIS GLORY IS GROWING IN THE MAGIC THAT HE MADE. REALITY IS RUINED, THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO FEAR. THE DRAMA IS DISTORTED, TO WHAT THEY WANT TO HEAR. SWIMMING IN THEIR SORROW, IN THE TWISTING OF A TEAR, AS THEY WAIT FOR THE NEW DRILL PARADE. THE EYES OF THE REBELS HAVE BEEN BRANDED BY THE BLIND. TO THE SAFETY OF STERILITY THE BREATH HAS BEEN REFINED. THE CHILD IS CREATED, TO THE SLAUGHTER HE'S LED.

SO GOOD TO BE ALIVE WHEN THE EULOGY IS READ. THE CLIMAX OF EMOTION, THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD, AS THE CYCLE OF SACRIFICE UNWINDS.....

DANCE.... TEACH US TO BE TRUE.

DANCE... OH, HOW WE LOVE YOU.

Subterranean Side Show

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